



JENNY WREN

PART I.

BEING

Choice Collection of Favourite SONGS,

Containing,

1. Long have I spent my time in vain
2. When forc'd from dear Hebe to go.
3. Since reason and merit, gives sanction to love.
4. Near London town there grows a flower.
5. On a primrose bank by a murmuring stream
6. One morning young Roger accosted me thus.
7. When Jenny the gay I first courted to wed.
8. Go Rose, my Cloe's bosom grace.
9. No Highland Lad nor dear Pantin.
10. Sons of Bacchus let's be gay.
11. As Chloe sat shelter'd and breath'd the cold Air.
12. Leave Neighbours your Work,
13. Ah! why must Words my Flame reveal?
14. Who can Dorinda's beauty view.
15. Oh! what had I ado for to marry.
16. Smile, smile, Britannia, &c.
17. When Fanny! saw as she trip'd, &c
18. When the trees are all bare, not a Leaf to be seen.
19. As Roger the young man, a lusty young Swain.
20. As I went o'er the meadow, no matter what day.
21. When I find my sweet Molly alone.
22. The flame of love sincere I felt.
23. Tho' sweep to and fro old iron to find
24. Of all the trades from east to west.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane.

The Betrayed Maidens.

LONG have I spent my time in vain,
Loving one that does me disdain;
Thro' woods and groves I took his part,
False his, he that has won my heart,
No one alive can feel my smart.

Why do the heavens thus agree,
Women to men a slave must be?
Why are our hearts so easy won?
When once betray'd we are undone,
We no more call our hearts our own.

Beauty is a flower that soon will fade,
Young maidens hearts are soon betray'd
How can we withstand the power of men
They range and rove do all we can,
They have so many ways us to trap.

They'll make us presents fine and gay,
In our soft arms they'll die away;
Then will dissemble in every part,
And gently creep into our heart,
Deep is the wound and great the smart.

If this maiden she looks shy,
Then they will swear immediately,
That they their hearts in pieces will tear,
Poor harmless maiden, then for fear,
She gives him her heart, and all that's there.

When that their conquest they have won
Strait to another girl they'll run,
Boasting of all they have enjoy'd,
And of your love they are quite cloy'd,
Young Cupid has my heart betray'd.

So maidens, all be wise, and love
The jolly, fair, and faithful swain;
Of Cupid's dart you need not fear,
Nor ever after shed a tear,
Take the man that's just, he'll love you dear.

H E B E.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
And thought, but it might not be so,
She was sorry to see me depart.

She cast such a languishing view,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bid me adieu,

I thought that she bid me return.
I thought, &c.

Methinks she might like to retire
To the grove I had labour'd to rear,
For whatever I heard her admire

I hasted and planted it there,
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accent adore,

Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now 'ere I haste to the plain,

Come, Shepherds, and talk of her ways,
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing me a song in her praise.

While he sings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking and listen the while,
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
Some heron peep out of his cell,
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
How fondly he wishes her well:

On him she may smile if she please,
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age,
Yet cease, gentle Hebe! O cease,
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flowers that grow,
To paint her dear charms I approve
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love.

I sing in a rustical way,
A shepherd, and one of the throng,
Yet Hebe approves of my lay;
Go, Poets, and envy my song.

Gentle DAMON.

Since reason and merit give sanction to love,
Why should you, ye fair ones, my fondness
reprove,

Since none but cold prudes the soft passion dis-
dain,

When they boast of their virtue, they're known
but to feign.

Gentle is my Damon, engaging his air,
And his face like the moon is both ruddy and fair
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eye
He's manly yet tender, he's fond, and yet wise
He's ever good-humour'd, he's generous and gay
And his presence can always chase sorrow away
No vanity sways him, no ambition is seen,
But open his temper and noble his mean.

With prudence illum'd, his actions appear,
His passion, are calm, and his judgment is clear
An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
He's willing to listen tho' he's able to teach,
He has promis'd to love me, his word I'll believe
His heart is too honest to let him deceive:
Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you can
Since the piece I have drawn is exactly the man.

The LONDON Flower.

NEAR London town there grows a flower
All rare and to be seen:

Near unto a pleasant bower,
Near unto a pleasant green.

Oh! this flower! this flower!

Smells so sweet and rare,

The fragrance smells so sweet,

It drives away all fumes, and purifies the air.



Young ROGER.

ONE morning Young Roger accosted me thus
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me
a buss.

Lord, fellow, said I, mind your plough & your cart;
Yes,—I thank you for nothing with all my heart

Well then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
And give me a box and a paper of snuff.

I took it indeed yet had still so much art,
To cry,—Thankyou for nothing with all my heart

He said, if so be, he would make me his wife,
Lord bless me, I ne'er was so eas'd in my life.
Yet could not help laughing to see the fools art
When—I thank'd him for nothing with all my
heart.

However, soon after, he gain'd my consent,
And with him on Sunday to chapel I went.
I said, 'twas my goodness, more than his desert,
That—I thank'd him for nothing, with all my
heart.

The parson said, Child, you must after me say,
And talked of honour, of love, and obey,
But when that his reverence came to that part,
There—I thank'd him for nothing, with all my
heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the flocking
would throw,
I must not tell tales, though I know what I
know:

Young Roger confess'd that I cur'd all his smart
And I thank'd him for something with all my heart
What the Fool Meant.

WHEN Jenny the gay I first courted to wed
Whole realms of love to her I sent;
But back she return'd them, and scornfully said,
She could not tell what the Fool meant,
She could not tell, could not tell, what the
Fool meant.

Resolv'd not to give up the matter so tame,
I follow'd wherever she went;
At the park, at the play, at the rout, 'twas the
same,

For she could not tell what the Fool meant,
Her maid was my friend, and advis'd me to hope
Or else I had quitted the scent;
For my tale it was stopt ere my mouth I could open
With She could not tell what the Fool meant.

Then Molly in view of a handful of gold,
In the chamber of Jenny me pent;
Three long hours, or more, I lay shivering with
cold,

To convince her no harm the Fool meant
But what are three hours nay, three score & th
To be crown'd then at last with content.

No longer my Jane prov'd hard-hearted to me,
When she found 'twas no harm the Fool meant

Now oftentimes have I desired,
That this flower would be my bed,
At so many thorns grows round it,
It does oftentimes trouble my head.
At if I could as I would,
I would drive these thorns away,
Would keep her from the nipping frost,
And from the scorching sun that burns by day.
Did you ever see the lilly;
Or did you ever smell the rose?
The violet or the daffydown dilly,
Surely she is none of those.
The auricular or tulip,
So glorious to behold,
The cowslip and pink so sweet,
Whose beauty is more than fine gold.
Now, loving shop mate I must leave you,
Altho' your company is sweet unto me,
Was love that brought me first unto you
Some other country now I must see.
Far and near y. u shall hear,
How the crafts will talk about me,
As I travel the country round,
And venture life and fortune for you my dear.

The B L U S H.

ON a primrose bank by a murmuring stream,
Pastora sat singing, and I was her theme:
Whilst charm'd with her beauty, behind a
green bush

I listen'd to hear her soft tale with a blush.
All the young shepherds that pipe on the reed,
Is Damon alone I can fancy indeed:
I'll tell him I value him not of a rush,
Yet surely I love him, Or why do I blush.

Yet surely, &c
When I went to the grove at the top of a hill,
Was the last May, I remember it still:
He brought me a nest of linnets quite flush,
And I the kind present receiv'd with a blush,
Whenever he meets me, he'll wimper and smile,
Seem as I did not observe him the while:

He offer'd to kiss me, I gave him a push,
Why can't you be easy, I cry'd with a blush.
On Sunday he came to entreat me to walk
In a meadow, and love was his talk,
He call'd me his dearest, pray Damon be hush!

There's somebody coming I cry'd with a blush.
My mother she chides when I mention the swain,
Forbids me to go to the meadows again;
But sure for his sake I will venture a blush,

For love him I do, I must own with a blush.
His warbl'd the fair, & my heart leap'd for joy
How little she thought that her Damon was nigh;
But chancing to spy me behind the green bush,
She ended her song, and arose with a blush.

Thus warbl'd, &c.

ROSE.

GO Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace;
 Now happy could I prove,
 Now happy could I prove,
 Might I supply that envied Place,
 With never-fading Love,
 With never-fading Love;
 Their Phoenix-like, beneath her Eye,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,
 Involv'd in, &c.
 Now hapless Flower that thou shalt find,
 More fragrant Roses there,
 More fragrant Roses there,
 I see thy withering Head reel'd
 With Envy and Despair,
 With Envy and Despair;
 One common Fate we both must prove,
 You die with Envy I with Love,
 You die with, &c.

The IRISH LASSIE.

Set by Mr. DAVIS.

NO Highland Lad, nor dear *Pantyn*,
 With pleasing Strain, and Verse
 witty;
 But of a lovely Maid I sing,
 Whose Rivals owns she's pretty
 O my delicate *Irish Lassie*,
 My amorous *Irish Lassie*,
 No Rose in June, e'er had such a Bloom,
 As my beautiful *Irish Lassie*.
 She wears no favourite Patch or Paint,
 No flaunting Knor on Hat so flashy;
 But Virtue, which no Court can taint,
 Still shines in my *Irish Lassie*.
 O my delicate, &c.
 No Belle I see, compar'd can be,
 To my beautiful *Irish Lassie*.
 The Fields adorn'd with Violets Blue,
 The Gardens sweet invite my Treasure,
 To tread the Silver-spargled Dew,
 And give the World new Pleasure.
 O my delicate, &c.
 Each Nymph's alarm'd, each Swain is
 charm'd,
 With my beautiful *Irish Lassie*.
 Prefers, ye Gods, this matchless Fair,
 Who needs no Dower of Treasure massie
 nce all the Graces Heaven can spare,
 Unite in our *Irish Lassie*.
 O my delicate, &c.
 So great's my Store, I ask no more,
 But my beautiful *Irish Lassie*.

A New SONG.

SONS of *Bacchus* let's be gay,
 Nimble move the chearful Glass,
 Life is short, and glides away,
 Let it then in Pleasure pass.
Rhabus now may hide his Light,
Silver Cynthia cease to shine,
Bacchus Rays are far more bright,
 Sparkling from the generous Wine;
 Sparkling from the generous Wine.
 When the Nymph is coy and cold,
 And puts on a scornful Air,
Bacchus makes the Lover bold,
 Courage ever gains the Fair.
 While who wastes his Time;
 Trifling o'er insipid Tea;
 Ne'er can aim at Things sublime,
 Till he freely drinks like me.

A New Song.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, at the Theatre-Royal
 in Drury-Lane.

AS *Chloe* sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool
 Air,
 While Music awaken'd the Grove;
 Young *Damon* approach'd and address'd
 the coy Fair.
 In all the soft Language of Love:
 But she was so cruel his Suit she deny'd,
 And laugh'd as he told her his Pain;
 And while the poor Shepherd sat wooing,
 cry'd,
 I will die a Maid. I will die a Maid, my
 dear Swain.
 Oh! what says the Swain, must thy Beauty
 so gay,
 Perplex us at once and invite?
 Embrace ev'ry Rapture, lest Time make
 P. ey,
 Of that which is meant for Delight.
 When Age has crept round, and thy Charm
 wrinkl'd o'er,
 Then all will my *Chloe* disdain;
 But still all her Answer was, cease me no
 more,
 I will die a Maid—my dear Swain.
 Young *Damon* protest'd no other he'd prize
 His Flame was so strong and sincere
 Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd
 her Eyes,
 And banish'd his Torture and Fear.
 My Joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd
 Ah, *Chloe*! be gentle and good,
 The fair one grew softer, and fighting reply'd
 I'd fain die a Maid—if I cou'd.

The Miller's Wedding.

By Mr. Bird, in Harlequin Ranger.

Leave Neighbours your Work.

And to sport and to play,

the Tabor strike up,

And the Village be gay;

the Tabor strike up,

And the Village be gay;

Day thro' the Year

shall more cheerful be felt

Ralph of the Mill

marries Sue of the Green;

Ralph of the Mill

marries Sue of the Green;

love Sue, and Sue loves me,

And while the Wind blows,

And while the Mill goes,

he'll be so happy, so happy as we

Lords and fine Folks

Who for Wealth take a Bride,

married To-Day,

And To-morrow be cloy'd;

married To-Day,

And To-morrow be cloy'd;

Body is stout,

And my Heart it is sound,

And my Love like my Courage

W'll never give Ground.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

Ladies of Fashion

The best Jointures wed,

and prudently take

The best Bidders to Bed;

and prudently take

The best Bidders to Bed;

and Signing and Sealing's

No Part of our Bliss,

we sign with our Hearts,

And we seal with a Kiss.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

No Ralph is not courtly,

Nor none of your Beaus,

nor bouncers, nor flatters,

Nor wears your fine Cloath's

nor bouncers, nor flatters,

Nor wears your fine Cloath's;

nothing he'll follow

The Folks of high Life,

nor e'er turn his Back

On his Friend or his Wife.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

While thus I am able

To work at my Mill,

While thus thou art kind,

And thy Tongue but he Art;

While thus thou art kind,

And thy Tongue but he Art;

Our Joys shall continue,

And ever be new,

And none be so happy

As Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

A New SONG.

Sung by Miss Burchell at Vauxhall-Garden

AH! why must Words my Flame reveal?

What need my Damon bid me tell?

What all my Actions prove?

A Blush, whene'er I meet his Eye,

Whene'er I hear his Name, a Sigh

Betrays my Secret Love.

In all their Sports upon the Plains,

My Eyes still fix'd on him remain,

And him alone approve

The rest unheeded dance or play,

From all he steals my Pleasure away,

And can he doubt my Love?

Whene'er we meet, my Looks confess

The Joys which all my Soul possess

And ev'ry Care remove:

Still, still, too short appears his Day,

The Moments fly too fast away,

Too fast for my fond Love,

Does any speak in Damon's Praise?

So pleas'd am I with all he says,

I ev'ry Word approve:

But is he blam'd, altho' in jest,

I feel Repentance rise in my Breast,

Alas! because I love.

But, O! what Tortures tear my Heart,

When I suspect his Looks impart

The least Desire to rove;

I hate the Maid who gives me Pain,

Yet him to hate I strive in vain,

For, ah! that Hate is Love.

Then ask not Words, but read my Eyes,

Believe my Blushes, trust my Sighs,

My Passion these will prove:

Words oft deceive, and spring from Art,

But the true Language of the Heart

To Damon must be Love.

A New Song.

WHO can Dorinda's Beauty see,

and not her captive be?

Apollo Daphne did pursue,

embrac'd the maid, tho' then a tree

If the Gods could love at such a rate,

poor mortals must adore;

Dorinda's merits are as great,

as just to love her

HOOLY and FAIRLY.

A New SONG.

OH! what had I do for to marry,
My Wife drink, haiking but Sack and
Canary;

I to her Friends complain'd right airly,
O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly
hooly and fairly.

O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Oummie, and syne she drunk
Garie,

Naw she has drunken my honny grey Maris,
That carry'd me thro' the Dub and the Larie,
O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She drunken her Stockings, sae has she her
Shoon,

She has drunken away her honny new Gawn,
She's drunken her Sack that cover'd her althly,

O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
If she'd drink but her ain Things I wan na
much care,

she drinks my Claiith I canna well spare;
To the Kirk and the Market she gang su'
barely,

O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

My Sunday's Coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue Bonnet e'er was o' my Head,

When I'm wi' my Gossips it angers me fairly;
O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

The very grey Mittens that gaid o' my Hanes,
To her Neighbour's Wife she has laid them
in pawns,

My bane-headed Staff that I lov'd so dearly,
O gin my Wife wad drink bo'y and fairly.

Is there any Siller she maun keep the Purse,
If I seek but a Baubie, she'll scald and will curle,

She gangs like a Queen, I scrimpit and sparely,
O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

I never was given to Wrangling or Strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the Comforts o' Life,

Ere it come to a War I am ay for a Parly,
O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

A Pint wi' the Cummers I wad her allow,
B. when she sits down, she fills her sel fow,

And when she is fow, she is unko Camflerie,
O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She rins not to the Calisy, she raves and she
rants,

Was nae dread of her Neighbours, nor mind
the Houle wants,

Roars some foolish Lilt, Take up thy Heart
Charlie,

O gin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
And when she comes hame, she lays on the
Lads,

Because they call'd her whore and jade.

Sang by Mr. Beard at Ranelagh-Garden

S M.le, smile Britannia, smile,
T y Goglus, come again,

To guard thy fruitful life,
And thunder o'er the Main:

Thy gallant Sons disdain with ease,
Now grown the Mistress of the Seas,

Now grown, &c.
While dauntless they advance,

And bid the Cannons roar,
They'll scourge the Pride of France,

And shake the Imperial Shore:
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves,

With Courage never known to Slaves,
The Deck all stain'd with Blood,

The Bullets wing'd with Fate,
The wide and restless Flood,

Cannot the Rage abate:
In Anson and in Warren wake,

The Souls of Russel and of Bake,
The Souls of, &c.

Britons pursue the Blow,
Like Sons of Freedom fight,

Convince the haughty Foe,
Thar you'll maintain your Rights:

Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Assert your Empire o'er the Main,

Assert your Empire, &c.

Blooming Fanny.

WHEN Fanny I saw as she trip
o'er the Green,

Fair, blooming, soft, artless and kind,
Fond Love in her Eyes, Wit and Sense

in her Mien,
And Warmness with Modesty join'd,

Transported with sudden Amazement
stood,

Fast riveted down to the Place,
Her delicate Shape, easy Motion, I view'd

And wander'd o'er every Grace,
And wander'd, &c.

Ye Gods! what Luxuriance of Beauty,
cry,

What Raptures mult dwell in her Arms!
On her Lips I could feast, on her Breath

could die,
O Fanny, how sweet are thy Charms

Whilst thus in Idea my Passion I fed,
Soft Transport my Senses invade,

Young Damon step'd up, with the Sub
stance is fled,

And left me, to kiss the dear Shade

Lower's REQUEST.

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When all nature's disrobd of her mantle of green
And the rivers are bound by the frost:
When the pheasant, inactive, stands shivering
With cold,
When bleak the winds Northerly blow;
When the innocent flocks haste away to their fold
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.
In the yard, when the cattle are sother'd with
straw,

And they send forth their breath like a stream;
The neat looking dairy-maid finds the must
thaw

Leaks of ice she beholds in the Cream.
When the sweet country lass, as fresh as a rose,
It falls as she carelessly slides;
The rustic laughs loud, if in tripping she show
Those charms which her modesty hides.
When the lads and the lasses in company join,
And with rapture on each other gaze;
Of wiches and fairies that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, still they're all in a maze.
When the birds to the barn door come hovering
for food,

Or they silently rest on the spray;
The poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Ere her footsteps her course should betray.
Even grant in that season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire;
When iceacles hang on the eves of my cot,
We may bither in safety retire.
We're in neatness and quiet, free from alarms,
We may live and each other enjoy;
With pleasure reflect on her long-envy'd
charms

Which possession never could cloy.

F A I R I N G.

When Roger the plow man, a lusty young swain,
Was whistling & trudging it over the plain
Met black ey'd Susan, whose dull maidenhead
Had tir'd her more than the pail on her head
Met Susan, said he, well met in good time,
A favour to ask, if it be not a crime;
Go pretty maiden with me to the fair,
I'll give you a fairing to stick in your hair.
The damsel reply'd, as he struggled to go,
I grant men favours, I'd have you to know,
I'll ease me and follow me no longer dare,
I'll not none of your fairing to stick in my hair
Roger with kisses so well play'd his part,
Soon found a method to soften her heart;
A kinder, she blush'd, and cry'd Last night
I swear,

I dreamt of a fairing to tistick in my hair.
The lovers walk'd on all they come to a grove,
Where no one could see but the archgod of love;
He laid her down gentl he was not aware,
Of the fairing he gave her to stick in her hair.
Ye lasses of Britain, who sigh and look wan,
And pine all your life time in secret for man;
While frolic and free, and good natur'd you are
You'll ne'er want a fairing to stick in your hair

The Fairing Refused.

As I went o'er the meadows, no matter the
day,
A shepherd I met, who came tripping that way:
I was going to the fair all bonny and gay.
He asked to let him go with me there;
No harm shall come to you young lassel I swear
I'll buy you a Fairing to put in your hair.
You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile,
We'll rest, if you please, when you get to your stile,
I've a story to tell, what will charm you the while
To go with him further I did not much care,
But still I went on, not suspecting a snare,
For I dream'd of a Fairing to come from the fair,
To make me more easy, he said all he could,
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good
For I'd not for the world he should dare to be rude
Young Roger had promis'd and banck'd me
last year,

If he should do so, would not go there,
Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair
When we got to the stile, he would scarce be
said No,
He prest my soft lips, as if there he would grow
Take care how that way with a shepherd you go
Confounded I ran when I found out the snare,
No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands I will wear.
Nor go while I live, for a gift to the Fair

The Modest Youth.

When I find my sweet Molly alone,
O how my poor heart beats for
I trembling by her sit down, [joy!
And thus the blest minutes employ
I gently touch her soft hand,
And beg she'll permit me a kiss;
Then let the dear nymph understand,
I long for the conjugal bliss.
I breathe kind expressions of love,
And tenderly whisper my mind;
But still unsuccessful I prove,
Alas! I'm too modest I find.
To the city or camp I'll repair,
And learn to be bolder and gay;
And then shall court with an air,
And soon carry Molly away,

Upon my Honour.

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
And seven'd the passion long;
A tyrant to my soul it dwelt,
But woe suppress my tongue.
At length I told the dearest maid,
My heart was fix'd upon her;
But think not I can love, she said,
Not I, upon my Honour.

The heart that once is roving caught,
The prudent nymph distrusts;
And must it for a youthful fault,
Be ever deem'd unjust.

Celia judg'd the sense decreed,
And bid me still to hunt her;
Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
It won't, upon my Honour.

Too long I cry'd, I've been to blame,
I wish a sigh confess;
But thou, who canst the rake reclaim,
My new-born passion blest.

Had every nymph like Celia prov'd,
I could not have undone her;
On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
I doat upon my Honour.

While the fair my suit repress,
My constancy to prove;
Then with a blush consent express,
And bless me with her love.

To church I led the blooming fair,
Enraptur'd that I won her;
And now life's sweetest joys we share,
It will do, upon my Honour.

The Kennel-Raker.

THOU I sweep to and fro' old iron to
find,
Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to
my mind,

ear a sound heart, true to George
our King,
And tho' ragged and poor, with clear
conscience can sing.

Too I sweep to and fro; yet I'd have
you to know,

There are sweepers in high life as
as well in low.

The statesman he sweeps in his coffers
blunt

That should pay the poor soldiers who
now do hunt;

The action tho' dirty he cares not a straw
So he gets but the ready, the rabble
jar.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

I am told that the parson, for I never
To hear a man preach what he'll ne-
stick to,

'Tis all for the sweepings he tips you
cant,

You might pray by yourselves else, de-
fer, upon I,

Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps you from this life, you can
tell where,

And to what place you go the doctor do
care;

So he brings in his bill, your long purs-
breach,

Then he laughs in his sleeves as he rides
his coach,

Tho' I sweep, &c.

But honesty's best in what stations
are,

For the grand sweeper Death we
sooner prepare;

Your statesman, your parson, your phy-
and law,

When Death takes a sweep, are no
than a chaw,

Tho' I sweep, &c.

The Cocker.

OF all the trades from east to west
the Cocker's past contending;
Is like in time to prove the best,
which every day is mending.
How great his praise who can amend
the holes of all his neighbours;
Nor is unmindful of his end,
but to his last still labours.



THE

JENNY WREN

PART II.

BEING

A Choice Collection of Favourite SONGS!

Containing,

1. One evening of late as I was a walking alone.
2. Come cheer up my lads, its to glory we steer.
3. Ye fair married dames who so often deplore.
4. Long time had young Damon (a smart little youth.)
5. Since that we have met for to be merry.
6. Last may day full drest in my holiday cloaths.
7. Of the states in life so various.
8. He that a Cuckold is, let it not grieve him.
9. One evening of late as I walk'd on the shore,
10. The Women all tell me I'm false my Lads,
11. As a spark fly upwards, man is born
12. I Seek not at once in a woman to find,
13. Blow ye bleak Winds around me Head,
14. As the Delian God.
15. As I walk'd fourth one morning in May.
16. O give me leave to love you dearly,
17. I am a lass of seventeen.
18. Last week as I rambl'd along the gay mead.
19. On pleasures smoth wings, see how old time steals away.
20. And did 'em abuse a poor king.
21. See, Mira, see the lily fair.

Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-Yard Bow-Lane.

(2)
Faithful LOVERS.

ONE evening so late as I walked alone
Down by a river I heard a fine song,
From a beautiful creature, whose voice was so
clear.

O how happy could I be was my true love here.
I drew something near to a tree that was green
O the leaves thee did shade me, I could not be
seen;

But still all her cry was, My dear come away,
It is for your sweet company that I do stay.
I had not been long there 'fore th's young man
came by,

With his cheeks like red roses, and his pretty
black eyes,

Then I found by her blushes, her true love was
come,

He saluted his mistress, and by her set down.
With his arms round her neck, while sweet rub-
by lips join'd,

Prattling love songs to each other's mind;
Her colour went from her, and fresh came again
She was eas'd with love's passion so great was
her pain.

O was I an Empress, or Queen of the crown,
With gold and with silver of King George's coin!
I would part with it all for the man that I love,
For my heart I'll resign to the powers above,
While they sit counting with joy and content,
'Till Phoebus bright g'iting beams were all
spent:

So they join'd hand and heart, and to church
straight did go,

Philander and Caloe prov'd constant and true.

Hearts of Oak!

COME cheer up, my lads, its to glory we
steer,

To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you not press you like slaves
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are
our men.

We ever are ready —

Steady boys, Steady —

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.
We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay
They never see us but they wish us away:
If they run, why we follow, and run them on
shore.

For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

They swear they'll invade us; — these ter-
rible foes,

They frighten our women, our children, and
bans;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er

Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make
them sweat

In spite of the Devil and Brussel's Gazette:
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us
sing,

Our soldiers, our fallows, our statesmen & kings
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

Advice to Married Dames.

YE fair married dame, who so often deplor
That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more
Attend to my council, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has
caught,

The bloom of your cheeks, and the glance of
your eye;

Your roses and lillies may make a man sigh:
But roses and lillies and sighs flee away,
And passions will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favourite gut:
The music in both, they are both apt to jar: (ta)
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, or play'd on too much
The sparrow & linnet will feed from your hand
Grow fond by your kindness and come at com-
mand:

Exert with your husband the same happy skill:
For hearts like your birds may be tam'd to your
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying & kind
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind;

'Tis there that the wife must her conquest
improve,

And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

Fie on you! Oh Damon!

Long time had young Damon (a smart lively
youth)

Professed his love to gay Phebe in truth;
And told her beside that if she'd not consent,
'T would cost him his death, which she might
prevent;

But she not regarding, thus chorus'd her song,
Fie on you! O Damon! I pray get along!

Fie on you! &c.

Cast down at this menance, thinks he 'tis unkind
To use thus a lover, and torture his mind?

What can be the meaning? I know not I vow,
Things vastly are alter'd I cannot tell how:

What the o'ce in my conduct has ever been
wrong,

That thus all her tune is, 'I pray get along!
Not many days after young Phebe the fair,

In the fields by herself was a taking the air;
And as fortune would have it, 'tis true I profess

Say Damon he met her dress'd out in his best;
 She seem'd surpriz'd and repeated her song,
 "Fie on you! O Damon; pray get along!
 Why Phebe along? have I done ought amiss?
 Come let us sit down love and heighten our bliss,
 I should not have thought it (says she with a
 frown)

"To sit with you Damon, no not for a crown!"
 Then push'd him away, and again tun'd her song
 "Fie! on you O Damon! I pray get along!"
 Phebe! why that old ditty? let's have something
 new,

Haste away to the church that stands yonder in
 view;

Give me both your hands, together let's tie
 And knit such a knot as the world can't untie;
 To this she agree'd, and then alter'd her song,
 "Well said, O Damon! let's make haste along!"

Loyal TOASTER.

Since that we have met for to be merry,
 Listen to what I propose;
 If there's any here that's melancholly,
 Let the next man ring his nose.

Fall de ra rall, &c.

But in this jovial company,

I hope, there is none that will be so;
 For he that won't with us agree,
 Into the next room let him go.

For there is a saying used of old,

As many among us well do know,

One scabby sheep among a flock,

Will spoil the rest and make them so.

But I am firmer the man that's brisk and airy,

And will never baulk his glass,

But will drink till he is merry,

And never fret at what is past.

For fretting never makes things better

But it oftentimes make them worse,

And he that is a pursey fellow,

Is not fit to be with us.

But as for this man I will engage him;

He will never baulk his glass:

Come, Sir, drink, and let me pledge you,

Dink a health to a pretty lass.

Now seeing that your glass is empty

I have fill'd it up again,

For I am resolv'd I'll pledge you,

Drink a health to GEORGE our king.

Next drink a health to the princes royal,

And to all his officers fine,

And to all the noble issue

That sprung from to brave a line.

The reason I drink these healths not together,

But do drink them one by one,

Is because I would keep sober,

And not like a forgo reeling home.

Then let none here be discontented.

Nor one of another make his game,

For so like friends we met together,

So we hope to part the same.

Fall de ra rall, &c.

ROGER and PEGGY.

As Mayday full dress'd in my holiday cloath
 To walk in the meadows at five I rose;
 Bliss my stars! when come there how surpris'd
 was I,

To find waited for me, young Roger so shy.

To find waiting, &c.

Well, thinks I a good face on the matter I'll see
 For I find it's in vain for to frown or to fret;
 The dear youth, told his tale, with so moving
 a grace,

That I really resolv'd to pity his case.

That I really resolv'd, &c.

All the while he was talking I stood like a post,
 Just as tho' I had seen my old grandmother's
 ghost;

But when it was over so pleas'd was I,

That I told him I'd have him would mothe
 comply.

That I told him, &c.

This pleas'd the dear swain, to my mother he ran

And thus to the old lady his suit he began;

Dear madam, give of you a favour to beg.

Which I hope that you'll grant, 'tis your daugh-
 ter dear Peg.

Which I hope, &c.

Why Roger, my mother thus to him reply'd,

If Peggy'll consent, and you'll make her your bride,

You shall freely have mine, and I likewise declare

Let me die when I will, that I'll make you my
 heir,

Let me die, &c.

Swift as lightening to me he flew back with the
 news

Nor left me one moment upon it to muse;

But that very morn I to church with him went,

And the priest join'd our hands to our mutual
 content.

Marriage, a new Song.

OF the states in life so various,

Marriage sure is most precarious;

'Tis a maze so strangely winding,

Still we are new mazes finding;

'Tis an action so severe

That nought but death can set us clear.

Happy's the man from wedlock free,

Who knows to prize his liberty:

Were men wary

How they marry,

We should not be by her side, if of mind

The CUCKOLD,
Sung by Mr. BEARD.

HE that a Cuckold is, let it not grieve him,
Since in his Wants there is one to re-
lieve him,

He may sleep quietly while his Wife's waking,
Free from all Care, and void of Pain-taking.
And his Condition is not to be scorned,
as *as* *Pompey* were both of them horned.
And his Condition, &c.

The Captain on the Sea prays for fair Weather,
While his Wife and the Mast sail both together
Star-gazing on her Back at the Moon's Motion
Whilst the poor Cuckold is at his Devotion.
Yet his Condition, &c.

The Merchant beyond the Sea searching for
Treasure,
And tho' his Merchandize be out of measure,
Yet if he kiss a Girl while he does range,
His Wife repays him with a Bill of Exchange
Yet his Condition, &c.

The greatest Lawyer that ever was sent us,
Did often return his Wife *Non est impertus*,
And if he ever so wise in his Place is,
She still will find out that a Flaw in his Case
is.
Yet his Condition, &c.

The greatest Statesman that ever was borned,
Need not to laugh at a Citizen horned;
For if it's true as in ancient Relations,
The City Dames do obey the Court Fashions.
Yet his Condition, &c.

Whilst the poor Parson with Zeal is expound-
ing,
Telling the People their Sins are abounding,
Many a lusty Lad pay their Tythes to their
Wives,
Whiles he's a preaching Amendment unto their
Lives.
Yet their Conditions, &c.

You that are Cuckolds, let this be your Comfort
There are more of us between this and *Rum-
ford*;

Brothers all in a Row shake Hands together,
Never disdain to wear the Bull's Feather.
For your Conditions are not to be scorned,
as *as* *Pompey* were both of them horned.
For your Conditions, &c.

A New Song.

ONE evening of late as I walk'd on
the shore
The wind it blew high, and the billows
did roar;

The wind it blew high, and the water
surround,
I heard a strange voice make a sorrowful
sound;

Crying O my love is dead!
Now he is gone whom I did adore,
I never, no never shall see my love more
I carry'd a while still listening to hear,
that it was for the loss of my dear,
Which grieved me sadly to hear her com-
plain;

Crying he is gone and I never shall see him
again. *Crying O my love is dead, &c.*

She was the fairest of creatures that ever
I did see;

Her face like an angel, her robes like
queen;

Her voice like a siren, her eye like a dove
And the song that she sung was concerning
her love. *Crying O my love is dead &c.*

I will go down to my dearest that lies in
the deep,

And with kind embraces I will him in-
treat.

I will kiss his cold lips with the coral
so red,

And I will close up his eyes that have
been so long dead

Crying O my love &c

The Jolly Toper.

THE Women all tell me I'm false to my
Lass,

That I quit my poor Ch'loe, and stick to my
Glass;

But to you Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll
own;

And if you don't like them, pray let them
alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair.

But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see.
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Ch'loe had Dimples and Smiles I must own
But altho' she could Smile, yet in truth she
could frown;

But tell me, you Lovers of Liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine?

Her Lillies and Roses were just in their prime,
Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by Time,
But in Wine from its Age, such a Benefit flows.
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my Love would in Time have
been cloy'd,

And that Beauty's insipid, when once 'tis cloy'd;
joy'd;

water in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I;
Let Murders and Battles and History prove,
The Mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no Rivals
contents,
For the more we love Liquor, the more we
are Friends.

But too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life,
With Nurses, and Babies, and Squalling, and
Strife;

But my Wine neither Nurses or Babies can bring,
And a big-bellied Bottle's a mighty good Thing
We shorten our Days when in Love we engage,
It brings on Diseases and hastens old Age;
But Wine from grim Death casts its Votaries save
And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one
in the Grave,

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to her Word,
She had left me, to get an Estate or a Lord,
But my Bumper regarding not Title nor Pelf,
Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.
Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain,
She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain;
For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts
I spy,

Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper
and try.

A True SONG.

A Spark fly upwards, Man is born
To Sorrow and to Trouble;
But he that takes to him a Wife,
Doth make his Burthen double;
For Women we have always found,
In Strife and Mischief to abound;
Of Man they make a Bubble,
Of Man, &c.

Oh! *Job* he was a patient Man,
He liv'd in spite o'th' Devil;
Tho' Goods and Chattels all were lost,
Yet *Job* was very civil;

But when he took to him a Nurse,
He prov'd indeed his greatest Curse;
Ah! she prov'd his greatest Evil,
Ah! she prov'd, &c.

Oh! *Sampson* was a mighty Man,
He fill'd the World with Wonder;
With Jaw-bone he *Philistines* slew,
His Blows did sound like Thunders;
But when with *Dalilah* he toy'd,
He soon his Strength destroy'd,
She quickly brought him under,
She quickly, &c.

Now *David* was an upright Man,
I tell to you no Fiction,
Till that *Berishba* he saw,

That pretty pleasing Vixen;
When he her naked Body view'd;
He found his Goodness soon subdu'd
She wrought him great Affliction;
She wrought him, &c.

The Reasonable Lover.

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.

I Seek not at once in a Woman to find,
The form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind;
Let the Girl that I love have but Prudence to
view

That tho' she deceive, I may still think her
true.

Be her Person not beautiful, but pleasing and
clean,

Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her
Mien;

By Folly, Ill-nature nor Vanity led,
Not indebted to paint for white or for red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon of most
of her Sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest.

May her Humour the Taste of the Company
hit,

Not affectedly Wise, nor too pert with her wit;
Go find out the Girl that is form'd on me
Plan

And I'll love her for ever — I mean if I can

The Generous Lover.

Sung by Mr. Love, at Marybone-Gardens.

BLOW ye bleak Wind around my Head,
And sooth thy Heart's corroding Care;
Flath round my Brows, ye Lightning red,
And blast the Lawrels planted there;

But may the Maid where'er she be,
Think not of my Distress nor me,

Let all the Traces of our Love,

Be ever blotted from her Mind;

May from her Breast my Vows remove;
And no Remembrance leave behind.

But may, &c.

O may I ne'er behold her more,

For she has robb'd my Soul of rest,
Wisdom's alone, and so my Care,

To calm the Tempest in my Breast.
But may, &c.

Come Death, O come, thou friendly Sleep;

And with my Sorrows lay me low,

And could the gentle Virgin weep,

Nor sharp nor tasting be my Woe.

Then may she think, where'er she be,
No more of my Distress nor me.

As the Delian God.

As the Delian God
To fam'd Helicon,
From Heav'n's high Court; descended down,
There the tuneful Muses playing he found
A Sonata divinely rare;
When *Thalia* touch'd the charming Flute,
Erato struck the warbling Lute,
And *Clio's* Treble joining to't,
Made the Harmony beyond compare;
Then *Euterpe's* full Bass
The sweet Consort did raise,
And with Pleasure every Sense alarm'd;
Ev'ry Note was an oy'd,
Ev'ry Hand was employ'd;
With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Valleys rung
Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue
But, when his dear *Calliope* sung,
Ah! when the God was charm'd.

The Maid's Resolution to marry a Rake.

A favourite SONG.

As I walk'd forth one morning in May
Myself to adorn in the meadows so gay
I met a young man and he call'd me his sweet
And appointed a place in the evening to meet
To my own mind.

Down in a meadow in a private part
He kiss'd me sweet and he gain'd my heart
With his kisses so sweet and his humour so free
In spite of my heart he made me agree
To his own mind.

It's very well known a woman I'm grown
And why should young women lie sighing alone?

Sighing alone in sorrow and grief
When there's young men enough to give them relief
To their own mind.

My mother would have me to marry a clown
That hedges and ditches all the week for a crown;

But to marry a rake is all my delight:
If he rambles all day he will please me at night
To my own mind.

The name of a clown I highly disdain
My father and mother they love the same
A clown is a clown both at home and abroad
When a rake is as comely and sweet as a lord
To my own mind.

A plowman I own is good in his kind,
But I am resolv'd not to alter my mind:
For a rake dress'd in scarlet and trim'd with gold
Is handsome and pleasant and lovely to behold
To my own mind.

I did not think my fortune was bad
When first I met with this bonny brisk lad
He was brisk and airy besides he was young
And above all the rest he'd a flattering tongue
To my own mind.

If ever I marry I'll marry for love
A handsome young man I do prize far above
All riches and treasure whate'er it be
For a handsome young man is delightful to
To my own mind

Young maidens all where'er you be
Pray take my advice and be rul'd by me
And marry for pleasure the man that you love
Then thro' the wide world with him you may
To your own mind

For with a young man I can have more delight
Then an old man altho' he be lord or knight
So a fig for all riches my pleasure I'll have
A handsome young man is all I do crave
To my own mind.

In roving with him I can take great delight
He cheers me all day and we're loving at night
So I'll travel the world and the country round
And follow my love by drum when it sounds
To my own mind.

All you young men where'er you range
I'd have you to call and not to make strange
I'd have you be loving and always agree
Then you may be happy for ever with me
To your own mind.

I would have you to bring
More ink in your pen
And I write over
And over again
To your own mind.

A New Song.

O Give me leave to love you dearly
And look not coldly on me my friend
For I will watch, love, both late & early
My dearest dear to recommend.

O why should I commit such folly;
Or why should I so silly be;
To set my mind and my affections
Upon the man that loves not me.

Oh! how I burn; I burn like fewel;
The tears they trickie down and spill
While I'm a sighing he falls a laughing
Thinking he has got my poor heart
will.

Sighing and moaning, sobbing and groaning
Sure he's ungrateful in every part.
But if ever I find a man more kind,
'Tis him alone shall ease my heart.

The Straw BONNET.

Am a lass of seventeen,
Tall, strait, and guess what matters mean,
I fain would in the taste be seen
Had I but a Straw Bonnet;
When I mention it, I vow,
My mother raves and knits her brow
Threatens me you can't tell how,
About the new Straw Bonnet.
Sally, she cry'd, are you inclin'd,
To show your head quite bare behind,
In soon will understand your mind,

And see your new Straw Bonnet:
Should you dare one home to bring,
The fire would it sting——
My plump she gave my head a ding,
And cries, There's a Straw Bonnet.
My waist is just a span indeed,
Fashions now such dolls forbid,
My bosom close is hid,
And I have no Straw Bonnet.
A trollopoe, I have to trail,
Milk-maid silks that are bob-tail,
What I most of all bewail,

The want of a Straw Bonnet:
The girls in Bonnets gay,
I d d each week to ball or play,
What am I now worse than they,
Only I have no Straw Bonnet.

I may walk thro' London town,
In rising fun to going down,
My youth I meet does on me frown,
Because I have no Straw Bonnet,
Let my dame do all she can,
I'm resolv'd to get a man,
And then at balls I'll lead the van,
And shine in a Straw Bonnet.
My dress so loose and breast so bare,
My figure in with careless air,
I smite each beaux with wanton lear,
When crown'd with my Straw Bonnet.

Really, not I.

AST week as I rambl'd along the gay mead
With a book in my hand, which I open'd
To read,
As I began lovely Sally came by,
No fairer then Venus appear'd in my eye.
Who fairer, &c.

And-morrow, fair maiden, I to her did say,
Will you please to set down by me on the green
To-day?

Answer'd me Truly don't think I'll comply
To sit down with you Colin,——Really not I.

To sit down, &c.
Sally, Says I, do not look at me thus,
Hold up your chin, love, and give me a buss.

Yes, to be sure, silly clown, she did try,
Than my stars, I'm no fool yet,——
Really not I.

I begged her pardon, but hop'd that she'd say,
And listen a moment to what I should say,
It was that I lov'd her---says she Colin, 'ye,
I'll hear no more from you, Sir---Really, not I
I'll hear, &c.

Dear Sally, says I, why do ye always repeat,
No, Really, not I?---such nonsense as that:
I beg you would alter to Colin, I love
No shepherd but you by the powers above.
No shepherd, &c.

I then hinted marriage, and ask'd if for life,
My partner she'd be, and I'd make her my wife
To this she agreed, and thus d d comply,
Now Colin I love thee, and will till I die.
Now Colin, &c.

The COMPARISON.

ON pleasures's smoth wing, see how old
time steals a way,

'Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherds astray,
My days, O ye swains, were a round of delight
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night
No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
But health and content all the year was my guest
'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could enslave
With voice, or with feature, with dress, or with air
So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, and mis'd of the
smart.

I toy'd for awhile, then I rov'd like a bee,
But still all my song was I'll ever be free.
'Twas then every object fresh raptures did yield
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the
field,

Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
sight.

If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
stream,

And wake to new life from a rapt'ous dream.
But now since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I;
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade,
Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade:
No musick I find now in Philomel's strain,
And the brooks o'er the pebbles now mutter
in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I feel
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasions soft:
Or aid me by reason to ransom my heart:
To crown my desire, or banish my pain,
Give love to the nymph, and give ease to
my swain.

The French King in the Suds.

AND did 'em abuse a poor king,
 Did 'em affront a grand Lewy,
 Go, naughty George, naughty king,
 He'll beat you quite blacky and bluey.
 How dare you provoke the good child?
 See how he foam at de mouty:
 Depredatie is make him wild,
 His vengeance shall reach ye and out ye

C H O R U S.

O my Lewy, my Lewy,
 O my Lewy, my deary,
 We send you Ferdinandy,
 To cure you of ever come here y.
 His navy shall scour your seas,
 God Neptune is at his command-y,
 His transportse embark where they please
 Red locusts devour the land-y.
 His Terramites climb from their graves
 His nables wing over to please ye.
 He'll beat you as rebels and slaves,
 And export your beef, butter, and
 cheefey.

Perforce you shall kneel to the host,
 Worship the Pope and Pretendy;
 Too late you will find to your cost,
 No powers on earth can defend ye.
 up-meagre your holiday fare,
 He'll teach you to dance woody shoefy
 Jack English, meer folly to dare
 The grand monarch who deigns you
 a trucey.

Memorials, soft terms of peace,
 Modest, consistent, and fairy,
 you may approve, if you please,
 leavethings in the posture they were-y
 ly on fine promises made,
 France of her honour availing.
 reward she'll manage your trade,
 And save you the trouble of sailing.

Come give up America all,
 With the full and quiet possessy,
 No longer his merchantmen maul,
 Restore 'em and own your transgress
 Their losses and damage make good,
 With ample and full reparatie.
 Prevent the effusion of blood,
 Avert the intended invasy.

Loud talkers are seldom found wise,
 Boasting ne'er constitutes merit;
 Evasive and insolent lies
 Denote a dastardly spirit.
 The language abusive is low,
 Lewy, all Europe cry shamey;
 But Georgea just resentment will shew
 And his Howe with sound drubbing
 reclaim ye.

Then drink a good health to our king,
 Each subject a bumper in handy,
 Let your loyalty make the isle ring,
 'Till it ecchoes thro' all Gallie land
 To ministers active and wise,
 To parliaments frugal and aiding
 To those who French treaties despise,
 Their maxims, their fashions parading

The Comparison.

SEE Myra, see the lilly fair,
 The blushing rose just newly blown
 Then view thy lovely face, and there
 you'll find those beauties all your own
 But ah! how soon their colours fade,
 and all their fragrant sweets decay;
 So will your charms, my beauteous maid
 for blooming youth soon hastes away.
 With virtue then adorn thy mind,
 that beauty, time can ne'er deface;
 In that unfading charms you'll find,
 when robb'd of ev'ry other grace.

F I N I S.



THE
JENNY WREN
PART III.
BEING

A Choice Collection of Scots and English Songs.

1. Once on a time I walked forth.
2. What shepherd or nymph of the grove
3. Young Daphne made Damon a
dupe to her pride.
4. Gentle Sailor, oft you told me.
5. When infancy to manhood grew.
6. When first up to London, for ac-
quaintance I came,
7. One evening so late, as I was a
walking.
8. Sweet Anny fra the Sea beach came
9. Away, away! we've crown'd the
day.
10. Who has e'er been at Baldock must
needs know the mill.
11. Thou rising Sun whose glad some ray
12. Young Colin protests, I'm his Joy
and Delight.
13. Ask if yon damask rose be sweet.
14. I met in a village a swain & other
day.
15. Banish sorrow, drink and be merry
Boys,
16. When Morn her Sweetness shall first
unfold.
17. Fly swiftly ye minutes.
18. Had Neptune, when first he took
charge of the sea.
19. Nay jeer ye not sister, by love dis-
belly'd
20. Says Plato why, should man be vain
21. Sweet soothing hope, whose magic
art
22. All you that are counted witty,
23. No Shepherd was like Strephon gay

Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-Yard Bow-Lane

Ready Money and no Trust.

ONCE on a time I walked forth,
 Much like unto a ranger ;
 I said unto myself alone,
 I thought I was no stranger :
 So I'll go seek out for a friend,
 If that I can find any ;
 But I concluded now in the end,
 There is none like Ready Money.
 Once on a time I tir'd my horse,
 When I was on my travel,
 My money being spent and gone,
 It gave to me the gravel,
 So loud I did for vengeance call,
 For things I wanted many ;
 But nothing I could obtain at all,
 Without the Ready Money.
 Now in short time I return'd again,
 Because I was a debtor ;
 With more then I had before,
 For times were growing better ;
 They call'd me right honest man,
 When I paid them every penny,
 The land'ord he would draw his quarts full,
 When he saw my Ready Money.
 Suppose I should desire a Miss,
 Carousing there to merrry ;
 Then in she comes with her silks,
 And drinks both sack and cherry :
 She does both hug and kisse me,
 And calls me her dear honey ;
 So long as ever she could see
 I had plenty of Ready Money.
 So let a man be where he will,
 Or where he has occasion,
 In city, town, or country place,
 Or in some foreign nation.
 He shall be respected well,
 Where e'er he goes by any ;
 Provided he can pay his score.
 Down with the Ready Money.
 So now to conclude and end my song,
 I would have you all be wary,
 Money is the welcomest guest of all,
 Therefore be of good cherry ;
 Never be too free to sell,
 When you are on a journey,
 For nothing you can obtain at all,
 Without the Ready Money

A New S O N G.

W HAT a shepherd or nymph of the grove
 Can blame me for shedding a tear,
 Or lamenting a loud as I rove,
 Since my Sylvia no longer is here,
 My flocks at random they stray,
 What wonder if she's from the jaina,

Her hand they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.
 Can I ever forget how we stray'd,
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bower we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill ?
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told ;
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray ?
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold ?
 How oft would I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view ?
 And while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew
 How oft the sweet contest would last,
 'Till the hour, of retirement and rest ;
 What pleasure and pain each had pass'd,
 Who longer had lov'd and who best.
 No changes of place or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near ;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year ;
 In winters rude lap did we freeze ;
 Did we melt on the bosom of May ?
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 We rose to work or to play.
 She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind Gods could impart,
 She was natures most beautiful task :
 The despair and the envy of art.
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that is lovely is dress'd ;
 For the graces were throng'd in her eye,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

I love You for That.

Y OUNG Daphne made Damon a dupe to her
 pride,
 He'd sigh, and he'd storm, and he'd sooth, and
 he'd chide :
 I wonder the fairest so cruel can be,
 Had I been a damsel I'm sure he'd won me.
 But all her return to this amorous chat,
 Was, Yes to be sure ! and I love You for That
 Was, Yes, &c.
 He told her, her eyes shone more bright than the
 day ;
 And said all such things as all soft lovers say.
 That passion despis'd would again turn his youth ;
 And that he should die, which was certainly truth.
 Yet tho' he still put on his pleadings so pat,
 'Twas, Yes to be sure ! and I love You for That
 Now finding his courtship was on a weak plan,
 He threw of the lover, and put on the man ;
 And while they both shelter'd one noon in the
 bow'r,

Swore boldly by Jove he'd be happy that hour.
She frown'd, and strait flying the place where
they sat,

Cry'd, Yes to be sure ! and I love You for That.
But Damon soon clasp'd the nymph fast in his
arms,

And swore that his flame should be crown'd
with her charms ;

That joy to wound virtue his heart was above,
(How good we all grow when we're hamper'd in
love !

He forc'd her to church, gave her Tit for her
Tat,

And now there's no doubt but he loves her for
That.

The Gentle Sailor.

Gentle sailor, oft you've told me,
That you'd never leave your love ;

To your vows I now must hold you,
Now's the time your truth to prove.

Whilst our British fleets are guarded,
Have our Frenchmen brav'd our fleet
Can a sailor live upbraided,

Who the French have dar'd to meet ?
Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me,

Whilst our country has a foe
He is mine——then come not near me,
I must weep, but you must go.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,
Whilst her daughters prove so true ?

Their soft courage must avail :
We love honour, loving you.

Tho' the flow'ry season woos you,
To the peaceful sports of May,

And lovers sigh so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Love and honour both in vite us,
Blow ye winds, auspicious blow ;

Every gale will most delight us,
That will waft you to our foe.

Love and Affection.

WHEN infancy to manhood grow,
Some beauty touch'd my heart ;

From vein to vein love's lightening flew,
With painful pleasing smart.

My bosom sweet content forsook,
And sooth'd the soft dejection ;

The melting sigh, the sparkling look,
Prov'd Love and sweet Affection.

Unus'd to arts that win the fair,
What could a shepherd do ?

And to submit to sad despair,
Was not the way to woo :

At length I told the dearest maid,
I hop'd she'd no objection,

To talk, while round her lambkins play'd,
Of Love and sweet Affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheeks bedeck't ;
A blush devoid of guile ;

And what from me can you expect,
She answer'd with a smile ?

How many nymphs have been betray'd,
Thro' want of calm perfection :

Then don't my peace of mind invade,
With Love and sweet Affection.

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
In wedlock's bands let's join,

My kids, my kine, my herds, my goats,
My soul itself is thine ;

To church I led the blooming fair,
For Hymen's soft protection ;

And now life's dearest joys we share,
With Love and sweet Affection.

A new LOVE Song.

When first up to London for acquaintance
I came

I fix'd my eyes upon a comely young dame ;
She was handsome, she was lively, she was pro-

per and tall,
She was constant, true-hearted, 'twas the best
of all.

One Monday going on shipboard, and Tuesday
sail'd away

Where the drums they shall beat, and the music
shall play.

Most of them are married, which griev'd me
full sore,

For to think I must leave the man I adore.

Some will marry for riches, some will marry
for gain,

Some will marry for gold a proud prodigal dame ;
But to marry for love and true amour all alone,

Were I think it's high time to equal my own.

With my jacket and trousers I'll freely put on
I will pass for your brother, a jolly young man,
And amongst our bold commanders my duty I
will do,

Will you let me go with you, Love, to you I
will prove true.

If I go on ship-board with my love and I
He shall want for no bedding that money can buy,
I will walk upon watch, and guard you from thy
foe,

Will you let me go with you, love ? No, my
dear no.

Then in some lonesome nunnery will I end
my life,

For I ne'er will be married, nor yet be a wife ;
But constant true-hearted to my love I will

man,
For I'll never be married till my Love returns
again.

The Faithful LOVE RS.

ONE evening so late as I walked along,
Down by a river, I heard a fine song,
From a beautiful creature, whose voice was so
clear.

O how happy could I be, was my true love here.
I drew something near, to a tree that was green,
O the leaves they did shade me, I could not be
seen ;

But still all her cry was, My dear come away,
It is for your sweet company that I do stay.
I had not been long there, 'fore this young man
came by

With his cheeks like red roses, and his pretty
black eyes ;

Then I found by her blushes, her true love was
come

He saluted his mistress and by her sat down.
With his arms round her neck, while sweet ruddy
lips join'd,

Prattling love songs to each other's mind ;
Her colour went from her, still fresh came again.
She was eas'd with love's passion, so great was
her pain.

O was I an Empress, or queen of the crown ;
With gold, or, with silver of king George's
coin !

I would part with it all for the man that I love
For my heart I'll resign to the powers above,
While they sit courting with joy and content,
'Till Phœbus's bright, glittering beams were all
spent ;

So they join'd hand and heart, and to church
straight did go,

Philander and Chloe prov'd constant and true.
Sweet ANNY.

Sweet ANNY fra' the Sea-Beach came,
Where JEMMY clim'd the Vessel's Side,
Awake and keep your Heart at Home,
While JEMMY's toss'd about the Tide :
For oft to distant Realms he gangs,
But I'll be true as he has been ;
And when each Lass around him throngs,
He'll think of ANNY's faithful Eyn.

O my wealthy Laird, I met yester e'en,
With Gold in Hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my Brows and raving Eyes,
And made a Brag of what he'd gi' :

What tho' my JEMMY is far away,
Toss'd up and down the Ocean Main,
I'll keep my Heart for another Day,
Since JEMMY may return again.

Now may false JOCKEY sing no more,
But fairly cast his Pipe away,

For JEMMY would be troubled fore,
To see his Friend his Love betray :
Your Songs and Voices all are vain,
While JEMMY's Notes do faithful flow,
To him my Heart shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my JEMMY ob !

Blow fast ye Winds round JEMMY's Head,
And guard, ye Waves be calm and still,
His homeward Sails with Breezes spread,
And do not all my Pleasure spill :
Tho' long or short may be his Stay,
O then be'll in bright Silver shine,
I'll keep my Heart for another Day,
Since JEMMY may again be mine.

A Hunting Song,

AWAY! away! we've crown'd the Day
We've crown'd the Day!
Away! away! we've crown'd the Day!
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey.

The Huntsman's Call invites ye all,
The Huntsman's Call invites ye all,
Come in, come in, Boys, while ye may,
Come in, come in, Boys, while ye may.

The jolly Horn, the rosy Morn, the rosy Morn,
The jolly Horn, the rosy Morn,
With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds ;
These, these, my Boys, are heavenly Joys,

The Horn shall be the Keeper's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn ;
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn.

The Lass of the Mill.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must
needs know the mill,
At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the
hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown
and the bean,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.

Tho' thither a multitude daily repair,
'Tis not for the sake of the drink, or the
air ;
But the much greater part, you may say
what you will,
Go to see and admire the sweet Lass of
the Mill.

For the Man of this mill has a daughter
so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning
an air.
That once on the ever-green bank at the
flood,

have swore she was Venus just sprung
in the flood.

Looking again I perceiv'd my mistake;
Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake:
Nothing but virtue and modesty fill
more elegant looks of the Lads of the
hill.

Molly, for that is the name of the
joy of each neighbouring swain, &
care:

glances can warmth to the aged im-
part,
the young are all smitten quite thro-
ugh the heart.

Phebus stole fire, as the poets all say,
enliven the maids which he model'd of
clay.

Polly been with him the beams of
his eyes
show'd him the trouble of robbing the
Goddesses three for the apple to

choose me their Paris, if Polly stood by
prize should be hers, without studying
our art,
the Goddesses might trudge to heaven
without it.

he says my friend, tho' your theme is
fine,

truce to your muse, and about with
wine,

bottle is next you, a bumper them fill,
we'll all drink a health to the Lads of
the hill.

first I beheld this dear Lad of the
hill
ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will:
the day, and all night, I sigh, and
kiss him,

die if I have not this Lad of the
hill.

Gentle JESSE.

Set to Music by Master T. Arne.

O rising Sun whose gladsome Ray,

invites my Fair to rural Play;

thy Mists, and clear thy Skies,

bring my Jesse to my Eyes.

Be I sure my Dear to view,

in the Pine-Tree's topmost Bough;

in Air that quivering plays,

round and round for ever galls,

the fair, where art thou laid?

Gods conceal my sleeping Maids

Up by the Rocks, engag'd, I'd tear

The Trees that hide my Jesse fair.

My Bliss too long, my Bride denies;

Apace the wasting Summer flies;

'Tis not the wintry Blast I fear,

Nor Storms, nor Night, shall keep me here.

For Strength with Steel what can compare?

Oh! Love has stronger Fetters far!

By Bolts of Steel her Limbs confin'd,

But cruel Love will chain the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,

When Thoughts torment, the First are best.

'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,

Away my Jesse, haste away.

Love and Innocence.

I Met in a village a swain t'other day,
 He stop'd me and beg'd me a moment to
 stay, [before,
 Then blush'd, and in language I ne'er heard
 He talk'd much of love, and some pain that be-
 fore:

But what was his meaning I know not I vow,
 Yet alas! my poor heart felt I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, violet, and rose,
 He brings me, with every sweet flower that grows
 The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest;
 And begs me to wear the fine things in my breast

Tis Wine that banishes all our Sorrow;
 Then who would omit so pleasing a To
 Tis Wine's sweet on Society eases Anxiety
 Damn dull Sobriety, bring t'other Fla

*The HAPPY COUPLE. A New
 Sung by Miss Falkner, at Marybone-Gar*

When Morn her Sweets shall first un-
 And paint the fleecy Clouds with
 On tufted Green, O! let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund Day.
 Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
 Arise my Fair, arise and prove,
 The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
 The best of Blessings here below.

To some clear River's verdant Side,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps guide;
 In concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme
 E'er Night assumes her gloomy Reign,
 When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain
 We'll to the Myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure waits us there.

The laughing God there keeps his Co
 And little Loves incessant Sport;
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the Seat
 There lost in Extasies of Joy,
 While tenderest Scenes our Thoughts en
 We'll bless the Hours our Loves begun
 The happy Moment made us one.

A favourite Song, in Comus.

FLY swiftly ye minutes,
 'til Comus receive,
 The nameless soft transports
 that beauty can give.

The bowl's frolick joys,
 let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return
 Yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine,
 wit and beauty are vain
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid,
 and riches a pain.

The most splendid palace
 grows dark as the grave,
 Love and wine give, ye Gods,
 or take back what ye gave.

Neptune's Mistake.

AD Neptune, when first he took charge
of the sea,

his wife, or at least been as merry as we,
thought better on't, and instead of his
brine,

have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
wine,

have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
wine.

at trafficking would have been then on
the main,

the sake of good liquor as well as for gain ;
at then of tempest, or danger of sinking,

there'er drown that always are doi' king
the hot thirsty sun would drive with more
hust,

in the evening of such a repast :
when he'd got tipsy, would have taken

his nap,
double the pleasure in Theis's lap.

the force of his rays, and thus heated with
wine,

er how gl'iously Phœbus would shine,
vast exaltations he'd draw up on high.

the poor earth as it wanted supply.
happy us mortals when blest with rain

all our vessels and to fill them again ;
on the teggat that has ne'er a dish,

jump in the river and drink like a fish.
at mirth and contentment on every brow,

as great as a prince, dancing after his plow
birds of the air, as they play on the wing

they but sip, would e'en nally sing.
stars who I think don't to drinking in-

ciue,

frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
merrily twinkling, would soon let us know

they were as happy as mortals below.
this ten ere e else what had we enjoy'd

spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd :
then on Neptune when 'twas in his power

like a fool. such a fortunate hour.

The QUESTION.

AY, jeer ye not sisters, by love unbetray'd
But pity a fond, yet an innocent maid :

d but with Johnny to yonder hege row,
which of you all — And which of you all,

pray would not have done so ?
him he said to the coppice I'd stray,

ether me violets and bloom of the May ;
kiss'd me so sweetly I could not but go,

which of you all, pray, had answer'd him
No ?

foot of a wide swelling oak we reclin'd,
on his breast while he whisper'd his mind ;

His offer was marriage, I could not say no,
Pray which of you all would not have done so
As the ivy about the wide oak doth entwine,
So, sweetening, cry'd he, thou must do when
thou'rt mine :

Then clapt me close to him, I begg'd I might go,
But he prest me still closer, and cry'd, My dear,
No.

Alas gentle Johnny, sweet Johnny, I say'd,
Remember your promise not to hurt a poor maid
Consider my virtue, and pray let me go,
But he kiss'd me still warmer, and cry'd, My
dear No.

I ever did think him as mild as a dove,
How weak is the heart that gives sanction
to love ;

Yet he vows that to morrow to church he will go
He shall ne'er get me out again till he does so.

PLATO's Advice.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain ?
Since bounteous heaven hath made him
great,

Why looks he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?

Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair,

Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die :

The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie :

Go search the tombs where monarch's rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore,

Their wealth and glory is bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gelded train,

When shot 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again.

So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay,

Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove he calls we must obey.

Sweet soothing Hope.

Sung by Mrs. Passerney in the Fair

Opera.

Sweet soothing hope, whose magic art
Transforms our night to day,

Dispel the clouds that wrap my heart,
With thy enlivening ray.

Thus when the sky with noxious steam
Has been obscur'd awhile,

The sun darts forth his piercing beam,
And makes all nature smile.

The Man of Fashion.

ALL you that are counted witty,
Of courage *A-la-mode*, Sir,
Step up to London City
And see all things in vogue, Sir,
Learn to revel and rant,
To swagger and cant,
Look sharp if you see any occasion,
Learn a new way to swear,
And drink till you stare,
And then you are a man of Fashion.
When you have lived in splendor,
And the world begins to doubt ye,
Your income being but slender,
Your dunsters come about ye:
When you can't pay, nor they won't stay,
But swear they'll breed vexation,
You have no more to say but take horse
and away,
And go off like a Man of Fashion.
Then down into the country,
With most of your proceeding,
Resort among the gentry,
And boast of your birth and breeding,
And swear of late, you have got an e-
state,
Of a good consideration,
Sing *fol de rol lol*, and fling them all,
And then you're a Man of Fashion.
Then all to get a wife, sir,
That has good store of treasure,
To live an idle life, sir,
And spend beyond all measure,
When of her store there is no more to come
from her relations.
Kick her out of door, and take in a
whore,
And then you're a Man of Fashion.

UPON MY WORD I DID.

NO shepherd was like Strephon gay,
No swain to me so dear,
'Twas rapture all the live-long day,
His song, his pipe to hear. His, &c.
Yet when he sigh'd and talk'd of love,
His passion I'd forbid.

[8]

And what I felt to hide I shew'd,
Upon my word I did: Upon
The spring, when nature wakes to
And all things life and joy;
The summer's sun saw Strephon's
Saw Cloe still was coy.
As length be'wov'd, Thou cruel
Didstain my heart has free'd.
He spoke, and left me in despair,
Upon my word he did.

How sad, how penitent was I?
My pride had caus'd my pain;
From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,
Oh! Strephon come again.
It eban'd he sought a tender lamb
That in the grove lay hid,
When thoughtless there I breath'd
Upon my word I did.

Surpris'd my well-known voice to
In sounds of soft delight,
With eager steps the youth drew n
And met my raptur'd sight.
No power had I, all art was vain
Of Strephon to get rid;
My panting heart confess'd the sw
Upon my word it did.

O nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to
My soul with joy o'erflow'd!
The bee that roves from sweet to
Like me prefers the rose.
Ye maids, with whom I've tript the
Let other youths succeed;
My Cloe welcom'd me again,
Upon my word she did.

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek
My hand with warmth he press'd
Oh! speak, he sigh'd, my Cloe sp
Shall Strephon now be blest?
Ah: who that lov'd so well, so
The shepherd could have chid?
Perhaps you think I held my tongue
Upon my word I did.

FINIS



T H E

JENNY WREN

P A R T IV.

B E I N G

A Choice Collection of Favourite SONGS:

Containing,

1. *In penance for past folly.*
2. *Sweet summer is coming the peach-tree's in bloom.*
3. *Push about the brisk glass.*
4. *Down in yon country there lives a pretty dame.*
5. *Young Jockey has teas'd me a twelve month I vow.*
6. *Drink to me only with thine.*
7. *Haste, haste, Phillis, haste, &c.*
8. *Arise sweet Messenger of the morn*
9. *A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art.*
10. *In vain Philander, at my feet.*
11. *Brisk Wine makes gay and Beauty leads on.*
12. *Celia, thus fond Damon said.*
13. *Whene'er I meet my my Celia's eyes.*
14. *Jove when he saw my Fanny's face.*
15. *Oh! let unreserv'd me declare*
16. *When here Lucinda first we came.*
17. *Come Roger and Nell.*
18. *Says Damon to Phillis-suppose my fond Eyes.*
19. *Ev'ry mortal some favo'rite pleasure pursues.*
20. *Free from notice and from strife,*
21. *Nymphs and shepherds come away.*
22. *There was a jovial Beggar.*
23. *Gentle sailor oft you've told me.*

Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-Yard Bow Lane. It

The PILGRIM.

IN penance for past folly,
 A Pilgrim blyth and jolly,
 Sworn foe to melancholly,
 Went out strange lands to see ;
 With schollop lace his hat brim'd,
 A scrip and staff, and band trim'd,
 As well as might suit a Pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.
 With feet unshod he traces,
 O'er hills, and wilds, and chaces,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see :
 But when he look'd and saw no
 Kind of hut or place to go to,
 Was e'er poor Pilgrim plagued so,
 Begging for charity.

At length when most dejected,
 Kind heaven when least expected,
 A virgin's step directed
 Whence come you, Sir, said she ?
 Full many a weary mile, sweet,
 All on these two bare feet,
 Will you be my help-mate,
 Begging for charity.

With cheerful voice and accent,
 Says she, I fear you're half spent,
 But what I say is well meant,
 Come lodge this night with me ;
 That favour mean's excessive.
 Don't speak on't, Sir, whilst you live,
 If ought I have or can give,
 I give it for charity.

My tenement is little,
 I fear it is too brittle,
 It will fit you to a tittle,
 So in at once push'd he.
 I have travel'd thro' town and city,
 Always in search of pity,
 I never found room so pretty,
 Nor so much charity.

Nine night's I lay in clover,
 So well I pleased the lover,
 She thought it too soon over,
 And will you go ? says she,
 But gentle Pilgrim should you
 Return, I'm sure I would do,
 As much as woman could go,
 In shewing my charity.

SILVAN and CYNTHIA.

S Y L V A N.

SW E E T summer is coming, the peach
 tree's in bloom,
 The laylock's array'd for its leaves are just come
 Then Cynthia remember your swains usual lay
 Content, be waited, for life's but a day.

CYNTHIA.

Fly hence, O false Sylvan, to Mira the gay,
 To her repeat all the fine things that you say ;
 With joy she may hear you, and list to your lay,
 For love-like to life, is with you but a day.

S Y L V A N.

Unjustly, dear Cynthia, your Sylvan you blame
 I continue still constant, doth Cynthia the same,
 Tho' to Dorilas' cottage your flocks did once stray
 Was the sheep then in fault, or my Cynthia,
 I pray ?

C Y N T H I A.

Accuse me not Sylvan, nor strive to beguile,
 With a frown I demand it, and banish a smile,
 To Ida's sweet mountains your flocks you may lead
 With Mira who credits whatever you plead.

S Y L V A N

Not so my dear Cynthia, with you I will stay
 You add to all pleasures and brighten the day :
 With the unhappy must Sylvan remain,
 O tell me you'll have me and rid me of pain.

C Y N T H I A.

Then Sylvan be happy tho' fetters remain,
 I'll free you from bondage, but not from your
 chain ;

Then here is my hand to the church lead the way
 Be easy and cheerful, I'll ever obey.

C H O R U S.

Come, come, all ye nymphs, with your shep-
 herds repair
 With garlands of myrtle to crown the fond pair ;
 May happiness grow as our years doth increase,
 And Hymen supply us with plenty and peace.

The Drunking PARSON.

PU S H about the brisk glass, I proclaim him
 an Aś,

That at cares of the world can repine ;
 Our sorrow to drown and distill fortunes frown,
 Jove sent us, Jove sent us the juice of the vine
 'Tis but this all sects, true friendship protects,
 And irradiates the lamp of the clay :
 This the Parson's looks teach, 'tho' against it
 they preach,

So regard them, regard them, who pleases I say.
 'Tis not long ago, since a Vicar I know,
 But whose name it were ungodly to tell,
 Round the bottle and bowl sat with many a
 good soul.

Full of glee till ding dong went the bells
 Then having a hiccup, and cheer with a hiccup
 I must go or the Church will complain.

But friends don't think me rude, I swear by
 my Priesthood,

I'll just preach and be with you again.
 So the Parson went strait, tho' he stagger'd in gait
 With his sermon in memory's large chest ;

To the pulpit he rose and soon fell in a dose,
And roar'd Excellent wine, I protest.
The whole congregation, in great conformation
Left the Church, with a sigh at the cause,
But the Clerk more devout, cries Sir, Sir
they're all out;

O then fill them up again, my brave boys.
Tho' in law 'tis design'd Justice still shall be blind
Ye' she'll peep if—Self interest but call;
And I'm certain you would with a hogshhead
that's good,

Be has merry as the best of them all.
I was one of the guest at a man gone to rest,
And said, Felo de se, is it so:
Cry'd the fist of the jury and damn'd like a fury
Sir, not your fellow, I'd have you to know,
I once kept a kind Miss, and surpriz'd her in bliss
With a Quaker, a cuckoldy knave;

Why how now, you false punk?—Why my
my dear, I was drunk:
As the reaf'n'd so well, I forgave.
If so drink be a fault, for so we are taught,
And old Noah would tittle, they say;
Then we gather from thence, that all mortals
of sen'e,
Should be sons of old Noah, huzza.

Sweet, P O L L Y.

Down in yon country there lives a pretty
dame.
She's call'd sweet Polly atways by her name:
Her cheeks are like cherries, her lips are like dew
There's none in this world I can fancy but you.
How can I be constant or easy in mind,
To leave Polly my fancy, my jewel behind;
I'll go to the main ocean and sail it all thro'
Unless my dear Polly proves constant and true.
If I had a thousand pounds laid up in store
I'd give it to Polly, I as much more:
I'd throw out my foot net, and catch her in a
snare,

And bring home my Polly I vow and declare.
If a fishermah down by yonder tide,
And Polly a samlon swimming by my side,
I'd throw out my net and catch her in a snare,
And bring home my Polly, I vow and declare,
If you did see Polly going to the fair,
She's the pearl of the country I vow and declare;
With her red rose cheeks and her golden hair,
There's none in this world can with her compare
My love is far sweeter then the larks when
they sing,

Or the pleasant sweet birds that the summer
forth brings,
The flower that fadeth not fairer then she
I'll die for her sake if she don't fancy me.
My love's like a rose in a garden to sleep,

Her neck is like the swan when she swims
the deep,
The time is coming, and soon it will be,
When I will enjoy my love and she will enjoy me
Her breath is like violets, her eyes are like
sloes,
Her skin is far fairer than the lilly that grows,
If her friends would be contented, together we'll
go,
Make me an answer love, say Aye or No.

Bold J O C K E Y.

YOUNG Jockey has teaz'd me a twelve-
month and more,
Now bolder he's grown than was mortal before;
Hewhisps such things that no virgin should hear
And he presses my hand with a warmth I can't
bear.
With stories of love he would soften my mind,
Yet his eye speaks a temper to mischief inclin'd;
But I vow I won't trust him one moment alone,
For when'er he grows rude, oh! I'll bid him
be gone,
Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,
All his actions declare he makes virtue a joke
But he'll find his mistake, if he ventures to try,
'Fore I'll yield to such terms, oh! I soon
would die.

No creature beside him such freedom dare take
Yet the handsome the witty, he quits for my sake
But how can I think that he likes me the best
Or how can I love him who breaks all my rest
Then Jockey refrain nor be foolish again,
Least you lose the fond heart you wish to obtain;
Change your behaviour, to church chuse to go;
I'll forgive you what's past, and never say No.

The Thirsty Lover.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes
and I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
and I'll not look for wine.

The thirst which in my soul does rise,
does ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
not so much honouring thee;
And giving it a hope that there
It cou'd nor wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
and sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear
not of itself, but thee.

A DIALOGUE.

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Miss Steventon, at
Vauxhall.

HASTE haste, Phillis haste, 'tis the first
of the May,

Hark the Goldfinches sing, to the Woods let's
away;

We'll pluck the pale Primrose, then hast not
my Dean,

I've something to whisper alone in your Ear,
I've something to whisper, &c.

She. Excuse me fond Swain, it has often
been said,

The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden for treads,
A wither'd old Gipsy one Day I espied,

Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said some-
thing beside,

Bid me shun the thick Wood, &c.

He. 'Tis all a mere Fable, there's nothing
to fright,

There's mischief all Day, and no Spectres at Night,
No Creature but Cupid believe me is there,

And Cupid's an Urchin you surely can't fear,
And Cupid's an Urchin, &c.

She. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the
Wood,

Who knows your Designs? you may chance to
be rude,

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
Lest Cupid and you are too hard for a Maid,

Lest Cupid and, &c.

He. Dislates you wisely at once should ap-
prove,

For pray what is Life? 'tis a Pain without Love,
Think how Youth like the Rose tho' unga-
ther'd will fade,

Then quickly comply, lest you die an old Maid,
Then quickly, &c.

She. By Language as useful, poor Daphne
was won,

Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and un-
done;

And rather than trust the fine Things you have
said,

Let my Beauty decay and I die an old Maid,
Let my Beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the
Wind,

I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond and as kind,
Will lead you to Pleasure untrasted before,

And make you my Bride, can a Mortal do more,
And make, &c.

She. Then at once I comply, for I cannot
say, No,

To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll
go

To the Woods next tho' Cupid so talk'd
there

With Joy I'll away and put an end to all fear

She. Ye Nymphs to the Woods never fear
ple to go,

Till the Priest joins your Hands you must
answer, No, No;

Ye Nymphs, &c.

He. Ye Swains should your fair ones be
deaf to you still,

You must wear the soft Chain, then they'll go
where you will,

You must wear the soft Chain, &c.

A Favourite SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Lowe.

ARISE sweet Messenger of the Morn;
With thy mild Beams this life adorn;

For long as Shepherd's sport and play,
Tis this shall be a Holiday.

The Nymph be like a blushing Morn,
That fairly lightens o'er the Dawn;

Each Shepherd like the Sun be gay;
And frolick out this Holiday.

The Morn appears a rosy hew,
Peeps over yonder Eastern blue,

Come let us dance in trim Array,
And grateful keep this Holiday.

Come all ye honest British Souls,
Let Love and Honour crown your Bowls;

Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,
This Source of many a Holiday.

A New SONG

AYouth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldest heart

In secret mine possess:

The morning bud the fairest blows,
The vernal oak that swaitest grows,

His face and shape express,
In moving sounds he told his tale,

Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wakes the flow'ry year,

What wonder he could charm with ease
Whom happy nature form'd to please;

Whom love had made sincere,
At morn he left me——fought and fell

The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed;

Tears that must ever fall:
For, ah! no fight the past recall,

No cries awake the dead.

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and wrong love's more mine.

Ah! cease to call that passion love,
whose end is to betray;
Too soon should I comply, you'd prove,
What sensual vows your ardour move,
and your affection sway.

And when, to all my fondness blind,
you'd chase me from your breast;
deluded wretch! where could I find
That calm content, that peace of mind,
which I before possess'd.

The Charms of Beauty and Wine.

Sung by Mr. Heemskirk.

BRisk Wine makes gay, and Beauty leads
on,

'Tis Beauty, 'tis Beauty, 'tis Beauty leads on
And with Pleasure, with Pleasure, with Pleasure
shall crown;

'Tis Beauty leads on and with Pleasure shall
crown:

'Tis sparkling Campaign shall heighten our
Joy,

And the Raptures of Phillis that never can
droy;

'Tis the sparkling Champaign shall heighten
our Joy,

And the Raptures, and the Raptures,

And the Raptures of Phillis that never can
droy.

In Mirth and Delight we'll frolick and play,
And jovial, and jovial we'll drink all the Days;

With Bacchus and Cupid we'll frolick and
play.

With Cheeks red as Roses or Flowers in May
'Tis the sparkling Champaign, &c.

Ye Sons of dull Care, it's Women and Wine,
Those Blessings of Nature and Joy of Delights;

To Man they were given to soothe the dull
Mind,

To drink and be cheerful, give Grief to
the Wind.

Damon to Celia.

CELIA, thus fond Damon said,
See here a mossy Carpet laid

And then her Hand he press'd,

And then her Hand he press'd,

Free from the World's enquiring Eye,

Here lurks, my Fair, no busy Spy:

He look'd, he look'd,

He look'd, and sigh'd the rest.

1

She started with a fright'd Surprise,
While Pleasure sparkled in her Eyes,

Sure Damon does not mean?

Sure Damon does not mean?

A thousand tender Oaths he swore:

His Love should never end,

His Love should never end:

She call'd on all the Pow'rs above,

None heard her but the God of Love,

And he, and he, was Damon's Friend:

And is there then no help, she said,

By Damon thus to be betray'd;

Then hung her Head, and blush'd,

Then hung her Head, and blush'd:

Damon! Damon! yet be good,

The Shepherd smil'd, and said, he wou'd,

She sigh'd, she sigh'd,

She sigh'd, and all was lost.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall-Garden.

When'er I meet my Celia's Eyes,
Sweet Raptures in my Bosom rise,
My Feet forget to move:

She too reclines her lovely Head,

Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread:

Sure, this is mutual Love!

My beating Heart is wrapp'd in Bliss,

When'er I steal a tender Kiss,

Beneath the silent Grove;

She strives to frown, and puts me by,

Yet Angers dwells not in her Eye.

Sure, this is mutual Love!

And once, oh, once! the dearest Maid,

As on her Breast my Hand was laid,

Some secret Impulse drove:

Me, me, her gentle Arms caress'd;

And to her Bosom closely press'd.

Sure, this was mutual Love!

Transported with her blooming Charms,

A soft Desire my Bosom warms,

Forbidden Joys to prove

Trembling, for fear she should comply,

Forgot the Care of human Race,
 And felt at last he lov'd,
 And felt at last he lov'd:
 Then to the God of soft Desire,
 His Suit he thus address'd:
 Fanny love with' mutual Fire,
 O touch her tender Breast,
 O touch her tender Breast.
 Your Sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries,
 I lov'd the Maid before;
 What! rival me—the Power replies,
 Whom Gods and Men adore:
 He grasp'd the Bolt, he shook the Springs
 Of his imperial Throne;
 While Cupid wav'd his rosy Wings,
 And in a Breath was gone,
 And in a Breath was gone.
 O'er Earth and Sea the Godhead flew,
 But still no shelter found;
 For as he fled his Dangers grew,
 And Lightning flash'd around:
 At last his trembling Fear impells,
 His Flight to Fanny's Eyes;
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native Skies,
 Nor minds his native Skies.

A New Song.

OH, let me unreserv'd, declare
 The dictate of my breast;
 My Thyrsis reigns unrival'd there,
 An ever welcome guest.
 No more our sprightly nymphs I meet,
 but seek the lonely grove;
 There, sighing to myself, repeat
 some tender tale of love.
 When absent from my longing sight,
 he is my constant theme;
 His shadowy form appears by night,
 and shapes the morning dream.
 Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
 deem not my words too free;
 For e'er my passion you arraign,
 you must have lov'd like me.

HARVEST HOME.

Sung by Mr. Lowe in Harlequin Sercerer.

COME Roger and Nell,
 Come Simkin and Bell,
 Each Lad with his Lads hither come,
 With Singing and Dancing,
 In Pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

CHORUS.

'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep Holiday.
 To celebrate Harvest Home,
 Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er,
 Our Bats in full Store,
 Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land:
 Let each Man then take,
 For the Prong and the Rake,
 His Can and his Lads in his Hand.
 Chorus. For Ceres bids play, &c.
 No Courtiers can be
 So happy as we.

In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth;
 Whilst thus we carouse,
 With our Sweetheart or Spouse.
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth

The Arch Denial.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond
 Reveal with what Ardor I glow. [Eyes
 Reveal with what Ardor I glow.
 Well what if they do? there's no harm
 sure she cries,
 I can but deny you you know, you know,
 I can but deny you you know.

Suppose I should ask from those Lips a
 Sweet Kiss,
 Say, would you the Favour bestow?
 Lord bless me, says she, what a Ques-
 tion is this?
 I can but deny you you know.

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow.
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as be-
 I can but deny you you know. [fore
 Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood
 let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go;
 No, with a blush answer'd Phillis, for-
 I could not deny you you know. [bear

A Shooting Song.

EV'ry mortal some fav'rite pleasure pursues
Some to White's run for plays, some to
Batson's for news :

etarch Shutters droll phiz others thun'er ap-
plaus,

and some triflers delight to hear Nichol's noise
at such idle amusements I carefully shun,
and my pleasure confine to my dog any my gun
non as Phœbus had finish'd his summer career,
and his maturing aid blest the husbandman's
care,

then when Roger and Nell have enjoy'd Har-
vest Home,

and the labours all o'er, at leisure to roam :

from noise of the Town and its follies I run,
and I range o'er the field with my dog and my
gun.

When my pointers all round me steadily stand,
and there's not a dog stirs but the dog I command
When the covey he springs, and I bring down
my bird,

ve a pleasure no pastime beside can afford,
No pastime, no pleasure none under the sun,
can be equal to mine with my dog and my gun,
When the coveys I've thind to the woods I repair
and I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear
their I exercise freely my levelling skill,
and with pheasants and woodcocks my bag of-
ten fill ;

certain death whe e I find them they seldom
can shun,

all my dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.
ly spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command
ome they range at a distance, and some hunt
at hand ;

When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant
they spring,

With heart clearing notes how they make the
woods ring :

then for music let scribbles to Renelaugh run,
ly consort's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

While I hunt o'er the brown russet hills and the
vales,

ayful health I secure, breathing untainted
gales,

natures beauties I view, and contemplate their
source

and kind providence sees in its minutest course
ten Bloods, Bucks and Spouters enjoy all
their fun.

envy them not while I've dogs and a gun.

then at night we chat over the fat of the day
spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils
lay,

Then I think of my friends and to each send
a part,

For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart
Thus the vices of the town and its follies I shun
And my pleasure confine to my dog and my gun

R U R U L L I F E.

FRee from notice and from strife,

In a sweet country life,

I cou'd chase for to spend all my days ;

Where, innocence reigns.

Flocks over the plains

And birds sweetly ease the lay.

So contented they live,

What joys they receive,

Tho' nothing but ground for their floor ;

Just before the sweet cot.

So delightful the spot,

Where the jessamin grows by the door

Early thy rise,

Transported with joys

So contented their days pass along

And if justly combin'd,

With a true hearted mind.

To a wife whom all virtue belong.

Tho' homely their food,

Their appetites good

Blooming health on their cheeks do appear ;

Neither envy nor pride,

With then can reside,

But happiness shine through the year.

At sun going down,

Their work being done

They're the happiest people on earth ;

By the oak on the green

Each couple is seen,

With innocence pastime and mirth ;

When harvest is done,

With a formal old song,

The jolly farmer among all the rest,

Who will laugh drink and say

This is our holiday,

With ale and good beer of the best

Let the statesman desire

Who at court doth aspire,

For his country's good let it be :

Truth, Justice and P---t,

In the house always sit,

And times will mend sooner you'll see.

Nymphs and shepherds come away,
Wanton in the sweets of May ;

Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,

Wanton as the bounding fawns.

Frolick, buxom, blyth, and gay,

Nymphs and shepherds come away

The Beggars Chorus.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg;
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a-begging we will go, we'll go,
we'll go.

And a-begging we will go.
A bag for my oat-meal,
Another for my salt,
A little pair of crutches
To see how I can walk.
A bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese;
A little dog to follow me,
To gather what I lose.
A bag for my wheat,
And another for my rye,
A little bottle by my side,
To drink when I am dry.
To Pimlico we'll go,
Where we will merry be,
With every man a can in his hand
And a wench upon his knee.

Thus when we are disposed
We tumble on the grass
With a long patch'd coat
To hide a pretty lass.

Seven years I served
My old master Wick,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a child.

I had the pretty knack
For to wheale and to cry.
By young and by old
Much pitied was I.

Fatherless and motherless
Still was my complaint,
And none that ever saw me
But took me for a saint.
I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf,

But now great Jove be praised,
I do beg for myself.

Within a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.

Of all occupations
A beggar is the best;
For when he is a-weary
He lays him down to rest.

I fear no plots nor treason;
I live in open cell:
Then who would be a king
When a beggar lives so well?

The Gentle SAILOR.

Gentle Sailor, oft you've told me,
That you'd never leave your
love;

To your vows I now must hold you;
Now's the time your truth to prove:
Whilst our British fleets are guarded,
Havenot Frenchmen brav'd our fleet.
Can a sailor live upbraided,
Whilst the French have dar'd to
meet.

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me,
Whilst our country has a foe,
He is mine; then come not near me,
I must weep, but you must go.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,
Whilst her daughters prove so true?
Their soft courage must avail her:
We love honour, loving you.

Tho' the flow'ry season wooe's you,
To the peaceful sports of May,
And lovers sigh, so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Love and honour both invite us,
Blow ye winds, auspicious blow;
Every gale will most delight us,
That will waft us to our foe.